

THE COMPLETE PREACHER.

VOL. 3.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1878.

No. 4.

Oration at the Funeral of William Cullen Bryant.

DELIVERED IN ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1878, BY **Henry W Bellows, D.D.**

THE whole country is bending with us, their favored representatives, over the bier that holds the dust of Bryant! Private as the simple service is that consigns the ashes of our illustrious poet and journalist to the grave, there is public mourning in all hearts and homes, making these funeral rites solemn and universal by the sympathy that from every quarter flows toward them, and swells the current of grateful and reverent emotion. Much as the modest, unworldly spirit of the man we mourn shrunk from the parade of public rites, leaving to his heirs the duty of a rigid simplicity in his funeral, neither his wishes nor theirs could render his death and burial less than an event of general significance and national concern. It is not for his glory that we honor and commemorate him. Public fame, for more than half a century, has made it needless, or impossible, to add one laurel to his crown. So long ago he took the place he has since kept in public admiration, respect and reverence, that no living tongue could now dislodge or add to the security and mild splendor of his reputation. For three generations he has been a fixed star in our firmament, and no eulogy could be so complete as that which by accumulation of meaning dwells in the simple mention of his name.

Few lives have been as fortunate and complete as his. Born in 1794, when this young nation was in its teens, he has been contemporary with nearly the whole first century of its life. If no country ever experienced in the same period such a miracle of growth, if none ever profited so much by discoveries and inventions—never before so wonderful as those made in the half century which gave us steam-navigation, the railroad and the telegraph—he saw the birth, he antedates the existence of every one of the characteristic triumphs of modern civilization, and yet he has not died until they became wholly familiar and nearly universal in their fruitful influence! Born and bred in New England, and on the summits of the Green Mountains, he inherited the severe and simple tastes and habits

of that rugged region, and having sprung from a vigorous and intellectual parentage,* and in contact with a few persons with whom nature and books took the place of social pleasures and the excitements of town and cities, his native genius made him, from a tender age, the thoughtful and intimate companion of woods and streams, and constituted him Nature's own darling child. It was a friendship so unfeigned, so deep, so much in accordance with his temperament and mental constitution that it grew into a determining passion and shaped his whole life, while in the poetry to which it gave birth it laid the foundations and erected the structure of his poetic fame. What Wordsworth did for English poetry, in bringing back the taste for Nature, as the counterpart of humanity—a world to be interpreted not by the outward eyes, but by the soul—Bryant did for America. One who knew them both, as I did, could not fail to observe the strong resemblance in character and feeling, with the marked difference between them on which I will not dwell. Both were reserved, unsmiling, austere or irresponsive men, in aspect; not at home in cities or in crowds, not easy of access, or dependent on companionship—never fully themselves except when alone with nature. They coveted solitude, for it gave them uninterrupted intercourse with that beautiful, companionable, tender, unintrusive world, which is to ordinary souls dull, common, familiar, but to them was ever new, ever mysterious, ever delightful and instructive.

Few know how small a part intercourse with nature for itself alone—not for what it teaches, but for what it is, a revelation of Divine beauty and wisdom and goodness—had even a half century ago for the common mind. Wordsworth in England, Bryant in America, awoke this sleeping capacity, and by their tender and awed sense of the spiritual meaning conveyed in Nature's consummate beauties and harmonies, gave almost a new sense to our generation. Before their day we had praises of the seasons and passages of poetry in which cataracts, sunsets, rainbows and garden flowers were faithfully described—but nature as a whole—as a presence, the very garment of God, was almost unheeded and unknown. When we consider what Bryant's poems—read in the public schools in happy selection—have done to form the taste and feed the sentiment of two generations, we shall begin to estimate the value of his influence. And when we recall in all his writings not a thought or feeling that is not pure, uplifting and reverent, we can partly measure the gratitude we owe to a benefactor whose genius

* It is his own father he refers to in his "Hymn to Death":

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."

has consecrated the woods, and fields, and brooks and wayside flowers, in a way intelligible to plainer minds, and yet above the criticism of the most fastidious and cultivated.

But if fortunate in passing his early life in the country and forming his taste and his style in communion with nature, and with a few good books and a few earnest and sincere people, he was equally fortunate in being driven by a love of independence into the study of the law and a ten years' practice in a considerable town in Western Massachusetts, and then drawn to this city where he drifted into the only form of public life wholly suited to his capacities—the editorial profession.

It was no accident that made Bryant a politician and an editor. Sympathy with individual men and women was not his strong point—but sympathy with our common humanity was in him a religious passion. He had a constitutional love of freedom and an intense sentiment of justice, and they constituted together his political creed and policy. He believed in freedom—and this made him a friend of the oppressed, an enemy of slavery, a foe to special and class legislation, an advocate of free trade—a natural Democrat, though born and reared in a Federal community that looked with suspicion upon extensions of the suffrage and upon the growth of local and State rights. But his love of freedom was too genuine to allow him to condone the faults even of his own party, when freedom's friends were found on the other side. He could bear, he *did* bear the odium of his unpopular conviction, when what was called the best society in New York was of another opinion and belonged to another party—and he could bear with equal fortitude the ignominy of lacking party fidelity, when his patriotic spirit felt that his old political friends were less faithful than they should be to freedom and union. The editorial profession enabled his shy and somewhat unsocial nature to work at arm's length for the good of humanity and the country; and I can conceive of no other calling in life that would have economized his temperament and faculties so fully in the public service. His literary skill, his industry, his humane philosophy, his sentiments of justice, his patriotism, his love of freedom here found full scope without straining and tasking his personal sympathies, which lacked the readiness, the tact and the genialty that in some men make direct contact with their fellow-creatures an increase of power and of influence. What an editor he made you all know. None could long doubt the honesty, the conscientiousness, the elevation and purity of his convictions or his utterances. Who believes he ever swerved a line, for the sake of popularity or pelf, from what he felt to be right and true? That he escaped all prostitution of his pen or his conscience, in his exposed and tempted calling, we all admiringly confess. And what moder-

ation, candor and courage he carried into his editorial work. Purity of thought, elegance and simplicity of style, exquisite taste and high morality characterized all he wrote. He rebuked the headlong spirit of party, sensational extravagances of expression, even the use of new-fangled phrases and un-English words. He could see and acknowledge the merits of those from whom he widely differed. While unbecoming personalities found no harbor in his columns, young men and women never found anything to corrupt their taste or their morals in his paper, and families could safely lay the *Evening Post* upon the table where their children and their guests might take it up. Uncompromising in what his convictions commanded, and never evading the frankest expression of his real opinion, however unpopular, he was felt to be above mere partisanship, and so had a decided influence with men of all political preferences. His prose was in its way as good as his poetry, and has aided greatly to correct the taste for swollen, gaudy and pretentious writing in the public press. He was not alone in this respect, for none can fail to recall the services in this direction of Charles King and Horace Greeley, not to name less conspicuous instances. But Bryant's poetic fame gave peculiar authority to his editorial example, and made his style specially helpful and instructive. That he should have succeeded in keeping the poetic temperament and the tastes and pursuits of a poet fully alive under the active and incessant pressure of his journalistic labors—making his bread and his immediate influence as a citizen and a leader of public sentiment by editorial work, while he “built the lofty rhyme” for the gratification of his genius and for the sake of beauty and art, without one glance at immediate suffrages or rewards, if not a solitary, is at least a perfect example of the union in one man of the power to work with nearly equal success, in two planes, where what he did in one did not contradict or conflict with what he did in the other, while they were not mingled or confounded. Nobody detects the editor, the politician, the man of business, in Bryant's poetry, and few feel the poet in his editorial writings—but the man of conscience, of humanity, of justice and truth, of purity and honor, appears equally in both. This is somewhat the more remarkable, because affluence, versatility and humor are not characteristic of his genius. It is staid, earnest, profoundly truthful and pure, lofty and perfectly genuine—but not mercurial, vivacious, protean and brilliant. Like the Jordan that leaps into being full, strong, crystal-pure, but swells little in its deep bed, all its course to its sea—admitting few tributaries and putting out no branches, Bryant's genius sprang complete into public notice when he was still in his teens; it retained its character for sixty years almost unchanged, and its latest products are marked

with the essential qualities that gave him his first success. Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked "*Thanatopsis*," written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written at 83, on occasion of Washington's last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless, in which comes a succession of poems, always meditative, always steeped in love and knowledge of nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual, a flawless taste and gem-like purity—but never much aside from the line and direction that marked the first outburst and last flow of his genius.

Happy the man that knows his own powers—their limits, and their aptitudes—and who confines himself rigidly within the banks of his own peculiar inspiration. Bryant was too genuine, too real a lover of nature, too legitimate a child of the muse, ever to strain his own gift. He never *made* verses, but allowed his verse to flow, inspired by keen observation and hearty enjoyment of nature, watching only that it flowed smoothly and without turbulence or turbidness, which his consummate art enabled him perfectly to accomplish. Never, perhaps, was a natural gift more successfully trained and cultured, without losing its original raciness and simplicity. Nothing less than the widest and deepest study of poetry, in all literatures, young and old, in all languages and schools, could have enabled him to keep his verse in such perfect finish for sixty successive years. He knew all the wiles of the poet, some of which he disdained to practice—but of no man in his time was it less safe to assume ignorance or neglect of anything that belonged to the poet's art. His knowledge of poetry was prodigious, his memory of it precise and inexhaustible. He had considered all the masters, and knew their quality and characteristics. But marked as his own style is, it is marked only with its native hues. There is no trick in his adroitness—no artifice in his art; nothing that tires, except it be the uniformity of its excellence. Considering how long his genius has been known and acknowledged, and how thoroughly he represents the old school of Dryden in his purity and fastidiousness of language—it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that his popularity, as a citizen and a man, has even somewhat eclipsed his immediate popularity as a poet. I think him fortunate in not having the popularity of novelty, of fashion, of sing-song verse, of morbid sentiment, of mere ingenius thinking, or some temporary adaptation to passing moods of popular feeling, whether in universities or in social circles. He curiously escaped, if indeed his truthful genuineness of nature did not give him an original defence against it,

from the introversive, self-considering, and individualistic temper which has characterized much of the poetry of the highest academic culture in our time. Either he was born too early, or he emigrated from New England too early, to fall under the influence of this morbid subjectiveness; or his active and practical pursuits kept him in the current of real life, and near to the universal feeling of men. At any rate—free, rational, as his genius ever was—there is not a suspicion of the skeptical or denying element in his works. He is not sick, nor morbid, nor melancholy, nor discouraged.

Sentiment enough he has, but no sentimentality; awe of the Infinite, but no agnosticism; a recognition of all human sorrows and sins, but no querulousness, much less any despair. He loved and honored human nature; he feared and revered his Maker; he accepted Christianity in its historic character; he believed in American institutions; he believed in the Church and its permanency, in its ordinances and its ministry; and he was no backward-looking praiser of the times that had been and a mere accuser and defamer of the times that are. This made his poetry, as it made his prose and his whole influence, wholesome, hopeful, nutritious; young, without being inexperienced; ripe, without tending to decay. The very absence of those false colors which give immediate attractiveness to the clothing of some contemporary poetry, gives his undyed and natural robes a fadeless charm which future generations will not forget to honor. Every one must notice that great immediate popularity is not a good augury for enduring fame; and futher, that poetry, like all the products of the fine arts, must have not only positive quality, power and harmony, but must add to these freedom from defects. It is strange what an embalming power lies in purity of style to preserve thoughts that would perish, even though greater and more original if wrapped in a less perfect vesture. What element of decay is there in Bryant's verse? How universal his themes; how intelligible and level to the common heart; how little ingenious, vague or technical; how free from what is provincial, temporary, capricious; how unflawed with doubtful figures or strained comparisons or new and strange words; how unmarred by a forced order or weary mannerisms! He is a rigid Puritan, alike in his morals and his vocabulary; there is scarcely a false foot, a doubtful rhyme, a luckless epithet, a dubious sentiment anywhere to be found in his works. And, perhaps nature withheld from him what is called an ear for music only to emphasize his ear for rhythm and save him from the danger of a clogging sweetness and a fatiguing sing-song.

It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and consummate culture, his poetic inspiration

and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day, even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of humanity, his unfeigned patriotism and his broad humanity. It is remarkable that with none of the arts of popularity a man so little dependent on others' appreciation, so self-subsistent and so retiring, who never sought or accepted office, who had little taste for co-operation, and no bustling zeal in ordinary philanthropy, should have drawn to himself the confidence, the honor and reverence of a great metropolis, and become, perhaps, it is not too much to say, our first citizen. It was, in spite of a constitutional reserve, a natural distaste for crowds and public occasions, and a somewhat chilled bearing toward his kind, that he achieved, by the force of his great merit and solid worth, this triumph over the heart of his generation. The *purity* of the snow that enveloped him was more observed than its *coldness*, and his fellow-citizens believed that a fire of zeal for truth, justice and human rights, burned steadily at the heart of this lofty personality, though it never flamed or smoked. And they were right! Beyond all thirst for fame or poetic honor lay in Bryant the ambition of virtue. Reputation he did not despise, but virtue he revered and sought with all his heart. He had an intense self-reverence, that made his own good opinion of his own motives and actions absolutely essential. And though little tempted by covetousness, envy, worldliness or love of power, he had his own conscious difficulties to contend with, a temper not without turbulence, a susceptibility to injuries, a contempt for the moral weaknesses of others. But he labored incessantly at self-knowledge and self-control, and attained equanimity and gentleness to a marked degree. Let none suppose that the persistent force of his will, his incessant industry, his perfect consistency and coherency of life and character, were not backed by strong passions. With a less consecrated purpose, a less reverent love of truth and goodness, he might easily have become acrid, vindictive or selfishly ambitious. But he kept his body under, and, a far more difficult task for him, his spirit in subjection. God had given him a wonderful balance of faculties in a marvelously harmonious frame. His spirit wore a light and lithe vesture of clay—that never burdened him. His senses were perfect at four-score. His eyes needed no glasses; his hearing was exquisitely fine. His alertness was the wonder of his contemporaries. He outwalked men of middle age. His tastes were so simple as to be almost ascetic. Milk and cereals and fruits were his chosen diet. He had no vices, and no approach to them, and he avoided any and everything that could ever threaten him with the tyranny of the senses or of habit.

Regular in all his habits, he retained his youth almost to the

last. His power of work never abated, and the herculean translation of Homer, which was the amusement of the last lustre of his long and busy life, showed not only no senility or decline in artistic skill, but no decrease of intellectual or physical endurance.

Perhaps the last ten years of his life have made him nearer and dearer to his fellow-citizens than any previous decade; for he had become at last not only resigned to public honors, but had even acquired a late and tardy taste for social and public gatherings. Who so often called to preside in your public meetings or to speak at your literary or social festivals? who has pronounced as many hearty welcomes to honored strangers, unveiled as many statues, graced as many occasions of public sympathy? who so ready to appear at the call of your public charities, or more affectionately welcomed and honored on your platforms? All this, coming late in life, was a grateful, I might almost say a fond surprise. He had wrapped himself in his cloak to contend with the winter wind of his earlier fortunes, and the harder it blew (and it was very rough in his middle life) the closer he drew it about him. But the sun of prosperity and honor and confidence that warmed and brightened the two closing decades of his life fairly melted away his proud reserve toward the public, and he lay himself open to the warm and fragrant breeze of universal favor. He was careful, however, to say that he did not hold himself at the public's high estimate. In a long conversation I had with him at Roslyn, two years ago, he showed such a surprising self-knowledge and such a just appreciation of popular suffrages, that it was impossible to doubt his genuine humility, or jealous determination not to be deceived by any contagious sentiment of personal reverence or honor springing up in a generation that was largely ignorant of his writings. Yet he fully and greatly enjoyed these tributes—and more and more, the longer he lived.

Of Mr. Bryant's life-long interest in the fine arts; his large acquaintance with our older artists and close friendship with some of them; of his place in the Century Club, of which he was perhaps the chief founder, and of which he died the honored president, I could speak with full knowledge; but artists and centurions both are sure to speak better for themselves in due time, as the city and the nation surely will.

I must reserve the few moments still left me to bear the testimony which no one has a better right to offer to Mr. Bryant's strictly religious character. A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself—not in any precise dogmatic form, but in its righteousness, reverence and charity. What his theology was you may safely infer from his regular and long attendance in this place of Christian worship. Still he was not a dogmatist, but preferred practical piety and work-

ing virtue to all modes of faith. What was obvious in him for twenty years past was an increasing respect and devotion to religious institutions and a more decided Christian quality in his faith. I think he had never been a communicant in any church until he joined ours, fifteen years ago. From that time, nobody so regular in his attendance on public worship, in wet and dry, cold and heat, morning and evening, until the very last month of his life. The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just need, and to many unreasonable claimants.

The first half or even two-thirds of his life had been a hard struggle with fortune. And he had acquired saving habits, thanks chiefly to the prudence of his honored and ever-lamented wife. But the moment he became successful and acquired the means of beneficence, he practiced it bountifully, indeed, perhaps often credulously. For he was simple-hearted and unsuspecting, easily misled by women's tears and entreaties, and not always with the fortitude to say No—when only his money was at stake. Indeed he had few defensive weapons either against intrusion or supplication, and could with difficulty withstand the approaches of those that fawned upon him, or those that asked his countenance for selfish purposes. Perhaps he understood their weaknesses, but he had not the heart to medicine them with brave refusal.

He endowed a public library in Cummington, his birth-place, at a cost of many thousands. He built and gave a public hall to the village of Roslyn, L. I., the chosen and beloved summer home of his declining years. When, at his request, I went to dedicate it to public use, and at a proper moment asked "What shall we call this building?" The audience shouted "Bryant Hall." No, said the modest benefactor, let it be known and called simply "The Hall," and The Hall it was baptized.

I shall have spoken in vain, if I have not left upon your hearts the image of an upright, sincere, humane and simple yet venerable manhood—a life full of outward honors and inward worth. When I consider that I have been speaking of one whose fame fills the world, I feel how vain is public report compared with the honor of God and the gratitude and love of humanity! It is the private character of this unaffected, Christian man that it most concerns us to consider and to imitate. He was great as the world counts greatness—he was greater as God counts it.

He is gone! and the city and the country is immeasurably

poorer, that his venerable and exalted presence no more adorns and crowns our assemblies. But heaven is richer! The Church of Christ adds one unaffected, unsanctimonious saint to its calendar. The patriarch of American literature is dead. The faithful Christian lives ever more:

“Thou’rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my very heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.”

—*Bryant's lines "To a Waterfowl."*

We are about to bear his remains to their quiet and green resting-place, by the side of his beloved wife—the good angel of his life—in Roslyn, L. I. Let me read in conclusion the warrant for this step in his own poem called “June,” which I am persuaded you will feel to be the only fit conclusion of these memorial words:

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
’Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton’s hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these,
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hour,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by,
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my celi;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the Summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

The Body of Christ.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY A. P. Stanley, D.D. (DEAN OF WESTMINSTER), IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 23, 1877.

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.
—John vi: 53.

IT is said that a great orator once gave this advice to an inquiring student who asked his counsel: "You are more anxious about words than about ideas. Remember that if you are always thinking of words you will have no ideas; but if you have ideas, words will come of themselves." That is true as regards human eloquence; it is no less true in considering the things of divine eloquence. In religious conversation, in religious ordinances, we ought, as much as possible, to get beneath the phrase we use, and never to rest satisfied with the words, however excellent, till we have ascertained what we mean by them. Then alone can we fathom the depth of Scripture. Then alone can we grasp the heavenly realities of which words and forms are the shadows. This is the most general meaning of the words of the text, on which, not for the first time, I now wish to address you. It contains at once the principle which I have just mentioned, and also is one of the most striking examples of it. It is one of those startling expressions used by our Divine Master to show us that He intends us to dive below the letter to the spirit, by which He shatters the crust and shell in order to force us to the kernel. It is as if He said in these words: "It is not enough for you to see the outward face of the Son of Man, or to hear His outward words, or to touch His outward vesture: that is not Himself. It is not enough that you walk by His side, or hear others talk of Him, or use terms of affection and endearment toward Him. You must go deeper than this. You must go to His very inmost heart—to the very core and marrow of His being. You must not only read and understand, but you must mark, learn and inwardly digest, and make part of yourselves that which can be alone the part of the human spirit of man." It expresses, with regard to the life and death of Jesus Christ, the same general truth as is expressed when the apostle says, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"; that is, "Clothe yourself with His Spirit as with a garment." It is the same general truth as when the apostle says, "Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus." In all these and many like expressions the meaning is the same; but inasmuch as the figure of speech is much stronger in the text, it also expresses more fully and more forcibly what the others

express generally. It is a figure not altogether strange to Western ears, but still much more familiar to Eastern minds, in which intellectual and moral instruction is represented under the form of eating and drinking, feasting and carousing, digesting and nourishing. "I am the mother," says Wisdom in the Book of Ecclesiasticus—"I am the mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope: I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children. Come unto me, all ye that be desirous of me, and fill yourselves with my fruits. For my memorial is sweeter than honey, and mine inheritance is sweeter than the honeycomb. They that eat me shall still hunger, and they that drink shall thirst for more."

It is this necessity of penetrating from the outside to the inside of the gospel mystery which makes these words specially appropriate to the season of Christmas, to which we are now approaching. What we have to learn respecting Christ our Lord are the peculiar characteristics which distinguish Him from everything else—what are the special points in which, if we are Christians in deed as well as in word, we ought to make Him our example. I shall have, perhaps, other opportunities of drawing out these essential characteristics of the mind of Christ; but on this occasion I propose to take a more confined view, and to limit myself to the task of showing how the same truth which belongs to these words as we find them in the gospel of St. John is also found in those kindred, but yet more famous, words in the other three gospels, and which also, as given by St. Paul in the account of the Last Supper in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, contained the very earliest recorded speech of the founder of our religion—"This is my body: this is my blood." They have, as I shall endeavor to show, a direct connection with the whole earthly course of our Saviour, of which Christmas day was the beginning. And, besides this, there is a special fitness in considering Him on the eve of the first great festival on which the Church expects the holy communion to be administered. "This is my body: this is my blood."

I will endeavor, with all reverence, to ask on this day, first, What is the Scriptural meaning of the body of Christ? and then on Christmas day to ask the same question, What is the Scriptural meaning of the blood of Christ?

The body of Christ. What are we to suppose that our Lord intended when, holding the large, round Paschal cake in His sacred and venerable hands, He brake it and said, "This is my body"? And, then, what are we to suppose that His apostle, St. Paul, meant when he said, speaking of the like custom of the Corinthian Christians, "The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

First, then, the meaning of our blessed Lord, judging from

the analogy of the Church, must be something like this : As, in other parts of the Bible, the hand, the heart, the face of God are used for God Himself, so the body, the flesh, of Christ are used for Christ Himself. The body, the flesh, the bone, was the strong Hebrew expression for the identity of any person or any thing. "The body of heaven" means the very heaven itself. "The body of the day" meant, and is translated in English, the self-same day. The body of a man meant his full strength. This seems to be the occasion of the words in our Lord's mouth. Even were we to adopt the strange belief of those who first heard Him—that He meant literally to give His flesh to be eaten—even if we adopted the belief which the Pagans ascribed to the early Christians—that the sacrament of the Last Supper was a cannibal feast in which they devoured actual human flesh—even then, unless Christianity had been the most monstrous of superstitions, this outward participation could have been of no possible use. It would have been not only revolting, but it would have been, and must have been, by the nature of the case, altogether unprofitable. What is eternal cannot touch the spirit. To suppose that the material can of itself reach the spiritual is not religion but magic. Even as in the conversation and communion with our actual friends it is not the countenance that we value, but the mind which speaks through the countenance, and as it is not the sound of the words, but the meaning of the words, that we like to hear, so also it must be in communion with our Lord and Master. After the flesh we know Him no more. It is nothing outward in Him by which God was glorified and man redeemed. It is, as the Prayer Book expresses it, "the one oblation of Himself once offered." It is not the mere name of Jesus which sounds so sweet to a believer's ear, but the whole mass of vivifying and sanctifying associations which that name brings with it. It is not the mere picture of Jesus, however sanctified by long tradition, or that fabled portrait sent to King Abgarus of Edessa, or that still more fabled portrait impressed on the handkerchief of Veronica. It is the living image of his sweet reasonableness—His secret of happiness—His method of addressing the human heart. This it is that is portrayed in the four gospels as the object of our veneration. It is not the physical, anatomical dissection of the Saviour's heart, such as appeared in the seventeenth century to the sickly visionary of France ; but the wide, embracing toleration and compassion—which, even to the holiest sons and daughters of France, at that time was as a sealed book—that constitutes the true sacred heart of Jesus. And the true cross of Christendom is not one or all of the wooden fragments, be they ever so precious or ever so interesting, found, or imagined to be found, by the Empress Helena ; but it is the divine depth of sorrow of which the cross has become an emblem.

"It is," as Luther said, "that cross of Christ which is divided throughout the whole world—not in the particles of broken wood, but that cross"—(I quote the great reformer's words)—"that cross which comes to each of us in his own portion of life. Thou, therefore, cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee. Thy suffering, whatever it be, is a most sacred relic to be laid up, not in a golden or silver shrine, but in a golden heart—a heart clothed with gentle charity." And as the cross—the picture—the heart of Christ, must, of necessity, mean something beyond the mere outward form or symbol, so also the body, which is represented in the sacramental bread, or spoken of in the sacramental words, must of necessity be, not the mere flesh and bones of the Redeemer, but that undying love of truth—that indefatigable charity—that absolute resignation to His Father's will by which alone we recognize His unique personality. The words that He spoke, so He Himself tells us, were the spirit and the life of His existence—those words of which it is said at the close of a long and venerable career, by one who knew well the history of Christianity, that they and they alone contain the primal and indefeasible truths of the Christian religion which shall not pass away. That character and those words have been and are and will be the true sustenance of the Christian spirit, and the heavenly manna of which it may be said, almost without figure, that he who gathers much has nothing over, and even he who gathers little has no lack.

Such, amid many inconsistencies and variations, was the definition of the body of Christ, even by the aged fathers—by Origen, Jerome, and by Gregory, called the Great; and such, amid many contradictions, is the nobler view maintained, at least, in one remarkable passage even in the ancient Roman missal—that where the sacrament cannot be had, "*sufficit vera fides et bona voluntas: tantum crede, et manducasti;*" that is to say, "True faith and good-will are sufficient: believe only, and thou hast eaten." And the same is brought out yet more distinctly in our own Prayer Book, where we are told that a good man doth receive the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ profitably to his soul's health, although he doth not receive the sacrament with his mouth. It has been well said by a devout Scottish bishop of our time, in speaking of this sacred subject, "We should never expect to arrive at the secret of Hamlet by eating one of Shakespeare's bones; and so, though we eat ever so much of the material bones and flesh of the Redeemer, we should not thereby arrive one whit nearer at the mind which was in Christ Jesus." It is only by the mind and heart that we can approach the mind and heart of Christ. It is only by the spirit that we can appropriate the Spirit; and therefore it is an old truth, but one which requires to be again and again repeated, that all acts of

communion with Christ must be useless except in proportion as they involve and express a moral fellowship with the holy, the just, the pure and the truthful, wherever His likeness can be found. Except in proportion as our spirits, minds and characters may be in unison with the parables of the prodigal son, and the good Samaritan, and the faithful servant, and the good shepherd—with the beatitudes on the Galilean mountains—with the resignation of Gethsemane—with the courage of Calvary, in proportion as the ordinance of the Holy Eucharist enables us to do this, it is a true communion of the body of Christ. In proportion as it fails to do this, it is no communion with Him at all. And this is what is meant by the first prayer that we find in the Prayer Book after the administration of the elements, which describes that every communicant pledges himself thereby to walk in the steps of the great fellow-sacrificer, and to offer himself a sacrifice of body, soul and spirit to the heavenly Father. We must be incorporate and incarnate in ourselves—that is in our moral natures—with the substance—the moral substance—of the teaching and character of Jesus Christ. That is the only true transubstantiation. We must raise ourselves above the base and the little and the commonplace trivialities of the world—of the Church, to the lofty ideal of the gospel story. That is the only true elevation of the host. The record of the life and death of Christ our Lord, however diversely it may have been interpreted, is and must always be the body, the substance, the backbone of Christendom. It is felt to be so even more than when He was on earth. “Even those who have most questioned and most doubted will acknowledge”—(I use the well-known words of a great French scholar)—“that He is now a thousand times more living and a thousand times more loved than He was in His short passage through life—that He still presides, year by year, over the destinies of our race, which from Him receives a new and onward direction.”

And this leads me to ask, in the second place, what St. Paul meant when he spoke of the body of Christ. He tells us distinctly what he means in the very next words after he has used the phrase, for he says, “We, being many, are one bread and one body;” that is, as the bread is one loaf made up of many particles and crumbs, so the Christian society is one body, made up of many different members, and that body, he says, is the body of Christ. Christ is gone, and the body—the outward form of substance that takes His place—is the assembly—the congregation—the community of all His true followers. In this second sense the body of Christ, as the second prayer after the communion of our Church expresses it—the body of Christ is the blessed company of all faithful people. This community and fellowship one with another is that body which the

Corinthian Christians were so slow to discern. This is the sense in which the phrase is used in the vast majority of instances where the expression occurs in St. Paul's epistles. It is a striking use of the word, which, no doubt, varies from that in which it is employed by Christ Himself, and thus shows the freedom of the apostle in dealing even with the most sacred phrases; but, nevertheless, the doctrine which the apostle intends is the same as that which in substance pervades all the teaching of our Lord, namely, that the wise, the good, the suffering everywhere are His substitutes. "Where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them." "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me." If this be so—if every faithful servant of truth and goodness is the representative of the founder of our faith—if every friendless sufferer to whom we can render a service is as though Christ Himself appeared to us—then, not perhaps in the scholastic, but certainly in the Biblical sense of the word, there is a real presence diffused through our whole daily intercourse. Wherever we meet any good thought, or deed, or word, in any part of the earth, there we touch a hand that is vanished. There we hear a voice that is silenced. It is the hand—it is the voice—of the figure of the fountain of supreme justice and mercy. Other teachers—other founders—have cared that their names should be honored and remembered. He cared not for this if only to the suffering and to the good were paid the service due to Him. In their happiness He is blest; in their honor He is honored; in their reception He is received. It is the last triumph of divine unselfishness: it is its last and gracious reward. It is the truth which, even amid the darkest superstitions of Christendom, has shaped itself into a hundred beautiful legends—St. Martin and the beggar at the Gate of Amiens—St. Julian and the Pilgrim, so wonderfully painted by Fra Angelico on the walls of the cloister at Florence—St. Elizabeth and the Leper, down to the lovely hymn of the Moravian Montgomery. It is the truth set before us in the words of our Saviour sitting in judgment, where He says that even the good heathens, who had never heard His name, yet had seen Him and had served Him. And when they asked Him, "When saw we Thee?" He answers, without a moment's hesitation, "It was I who was hungered, and you gave Me food. It was I who was thirsty, and you gave Me drink. It was I who was a friendless stranger, and you took Me in. It was I who was naked, and you clothed Me. It was I who was on my sick bed, and you visited Me. It was I who was shut up in prison, and you came unto Me." These good deeds, wherever practiced, are the true signs that Christ and Christianity have been there. Even if practiced, without naming His name, they are still the trophies of victory

over evil for which He lived and died. They are the footmarks on the desert island of this mortal existence which show that something truly human, and, therefore, truly divine, has passed that way. Yes, the whole of Christendom—the whole of humanity—is, in this sense, one body and many members. In the vast variety of gifts and characters it is only this sympathy, forbearance, appreciation of that which one has and the other lacks, that forms the ideal of society such as St. Paul imagines—such as Butler, in his famous sermons on Human Nature, has so well set forth. It is the old Gentile fable of Menenius Agrippa taken up and sanctified by the Christian apostle. It is, as the French would say, the recognition in the Bible of the *solidarité* of people, of churches and of men. It is the protest against the isolated selfishness in which we often would shut ourselves from wider sympathies. If there is much at the present moment that is dark and gloomy in the distress of nations with perplexity, there is, at least, this encouraging sign. Many of us are, and have been feeling, some beyond others—some of us, it may be, with excessive warmth—for the Christian populations of the East struggling to be free—some, it may also be, with excessive warmth for the Mussulmen soldiers gallantly fighting for their national existence. Wherever this sympathy for those distant races is genuine and not artificial it proves to us that we are all one human family—that we are, so far at least, one body in Him who knows neither Greek nor Scythian, neither Turk nor Russian, but whose heart beats for every scene of desolation and anguish, and whose blessing rests on every generous and heroic act of whatever race or creed.

And also, as a nation, we are one body drawn together by the long traditions and lineage which has made us of one flesh and blood. "Blood is thicker than water." Except we acknowledge the unity of this our common kindred, we have no true national life abiding in us. We are one body politic—a fine expression which St. Paul himself has taught us. Our eulogy, as Englishmen, is also our eulogy in Him after whom all the tribes and families on earth are named. We were made one nation and one race by the order of His providence; and they who make more of their party and their sect than of their country are refusing communion with the body of Him whose fullness filleth all in all.

And also in the Church, whether the Church universal or the Church of our country, we are one body, for the differences of character, opinion, and pursuits which divide us, whether of schools within or without the pale of the national Church—all these are but as so many bones and muscles, tissues and fibres, whereby the whole body, being fitly joined together, and com-

pacted by that which every joint supplieth, may give increase to the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

We are one body, also, in that closer and nearer sense in which we are members of the same institution, or of the same neighborhood, or of the same household hearth. To these, if to any one, we ought to be drawn when, on Christmas day, we are invited to partake of the body of Christ. Every neighborly kindness, every Christmas gift, every happy Christmas party, is the carrying out of the sacramental pledge, and the Christmas blessing of the good-will of God to men.

And, finally, there is the one body in which there is the one eternal communion of the living and the dead. Here the partitions of flesh do indeed fall away. Here there is and can be but the communion of the spirit, but that union is the deepest and the most endearing of all, for it is beyond the reach of time or chance. It can never be broken except by our own sin, selfishness or negligence. Whether it be the departure of the soul in the fullness of its glory and its usefulness, or of a soul burdened with the decay and weariness of its long pilgrimage, the union may and shall still subsist.

"We do not count by months or years
Where they are gone to dwell."

We only know that they are in Him and with Him, in whom we also live and move and have our being. They live because God lives, and we live, or may live, with them in that unity which is beyond the grave and the gate of death.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
One army of the living God,
Divided but by death."

The Prodigal Son.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Joseph Parker, D.D., IN THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON, ON
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1878.

And He said, A certain man had two sons.—Luke xv: 11.

THIS is the opening of what is known as the parable of the Prodigal Son, though why the parable should have been spoken of as if it referred to one prodigal only I am unable to say, forasmuch as there are clearly two prodigals in the story—one prodigal lost through want of righteousness, and the other prodigal lost through self-righteousness. We are all prodigals—some conventionally respectable and well dressed, and others utterly vulgar and cast beyond the lines of what is known as proper society—but all we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and mocking there should be none. You are lost, well put on, well instructed man, woman, as you are—lost, poor mean creature, hardly welcome in any sanctuary.

My purpose in looking at this parable of the Prodigal Son this morning is not to preach the customary sermon upon it—an excellent sermon, full of evangelical faith and unction, much needed to-day and every day, in fact—the one sermon which the Gospel minister has to declare, though he may pass its form through many permutations; but my object is rather to look at this parable as giving us a standard by which to measure the mind of Jesus Christ Himself. He was under thirty-three years of age when He spake this parable. He had done no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; the cup of devils He had never tasted; from the clear, simple high road of purity and nobleness He had never strayed; and yet He attempts, in this parable, all tragedies and romances in one brief delineation, to picture the way of evil, to show the outcome of lawlessness and wastefulness, and my special point will be to inquire whether He, young, inexperienced in evil things, has been true to fact in this delineation of human life, or to find whether He is not here out of the beaten road, and does not, therefore, subject Himself easily to the criticism of men who, having been practiced in evil, will instantly detect any flaw or crookedness in His statements.

You often wonder how this or that man knows so much about the world, as if it were needful to go very deeply into the world's ways in order to know all about them. It is matter of surprise to some of you that a minister can understand so much about

business, depravity, the ways of mankind generally, that are supposed far beyond all church influence and all theological study. The explanation is not far to seek. A man need not acquaint himself with the multitudinous details of the world in order to be learned in a certain lore. He has but to study one case: one heart is all hearts, one human life is a concentration of all other human histories.

Jesus Christ here undertakes a very novel work—to describe the career of a prodigal, for He can by experience certainly know nothing about prodigal desires and prodigal doings. It will, therefore, be here, if anywhere, that we shall find Him at fault; here we shall have the laugh over Him, for He will not know what they do in the tavern, He will not be able to speak the infernal lingo of the pit. Wait, then; you may catch Him now and prove Him mistaken.

The inquiry is, How far does this description of a prodigal life conform to nature and to fact? Understand that this is a parable: it does not profess to be authentic history, but to be a parable or an imaginary representation of certain conditions and proceedings. Is it not true to fact in its picture of family contrast? Is it not a bold imagining to divide the human family into two classes? It is so, verily; but is it not a still more audacious fancy to go into one house, to find there two boys, children of the same father, and distinguish them by contrasts of the most startling kind? What would ordinary common probability be? It would certainly be that the two boys, sons of the same father and mother, would be alike—both very bad or both very good, or both exceedingly commonplace—but they would certainly be alike. Jesus Christ says: "Here are two boys who are not akin; they are brothers animally, but they are not related in the deeper life." Jesus Christ, therefore, begins by laying down a fact which can be tested, which has been confirmed by the experience of nearly every man, woman and child in this house, and, therefore, so far He begins well. He does not confuse human life; He does not speak of it under one great generality; He does not indiscriminately huddle it together as one mass. He marks differences of disposition; He separates the genial from the ungenial, the lavish from the avaricious, the careless from the so-called prudent. He analyzes details and minutely specifies human character.

Up to this point, therefore, the parable is true to fact. Is it not in harmony with all that we know of life when it proceeds to state that lawlessness is wastefulness? Get away from discipline and you get into loss; leave your father, not in the narrow sense of merely leaving a man, but leave the paternal principles, leave the paternal control, the fatherly watchfulness, the family genius, and the very first step you take outside that charmed and sacred circle is a step into wastefulness. That is

a deep and holy law of life : Jesus Christ is there on philosophic as well as on dramatic ground. Our safety is in discipline. The oldest man among you is only right so long as he is subject and not king ; so long as he says, "The law is higher than I am; I must accept the law, obey it, honor it by a diligent and filial obedience." Your mistake, perhaps, young friend, is a mistake as to the true nature and scope of independence. You want to be free—you cannot be free without law. Liberty without law is licentiousness. You chafe because the iron touches you here and there, and you say if you could but escape from that fret you would lead a larger life, you would develop more freely and fully and harmoniously, and by a very generous enjoyment of all the elements that enter human life you would grow into a solid and sober manhood. That is not inspiration: it is madness. Know what you are by the spirit in which you take discipline; find out your quality by the answer which your own heart returns to the exactions of natural, honorable law. If you repel these or undervalue these, then know that it is not your highest nature that is speaking, but your lowest ; that you are not at your best, but at your worst, and that the temptation is not toward liberty, but toward license and devildom and perdition.

And is it not true to fact in its estimate of outward pleasure ? Jesus Christ speaks about this as if He had undergone the whole process of disenchantment with regard to the offered prizes and promised delights of this narrow and deceitful world. He says that the young man's path was a path of expenditure ; it was all outgoing and no incoming ; it was a process of decimation by evil men who waited upon the path of the youth who had something to give. Why, He talks as if most learned in all the ways of the pit. Had He ever been found in the lowest depths of iniquity He could not, with a more cunning and delicate skill, have delineated the downward path, with all the meanness, trickery, chicanery, selfishness, and all the diabolical ministry and mischief to be found there. Goodness has a learning of its own ; holiness knows evil afar off ; when honor would describe dishonor, it speaks out of its holiness and out of its strength ; it does not go to take the infinitely hideous portraiture from the thing itself ; it consults its own inspiration. No one can be so powerful in descriptions of evil as he who has prayed most and is most filially intimate with God. It is there, as elsewhere, that extremes meet. When thou art deep in prayer and close to God, thou dost get visions of evil which he never saw who never prayed.

Might I not call many witnesses this day to the fact that Jesus Christ was speaking according to nature when He spoke of outward pleasure as being costly, as being expensive, as be-

ing a continual outlay of one's self under the deceitful promise that it was a continual accretion and help of one's own best nature? You cannot tell what men are when they are in the sanctuary. You do not know what depths of experience have been probed by the men who are sitting decently and reverently in the house of God. Without asking you to take a holy book in your hand and make oath in the hearing of the angels, but asking you to speak silently, to assent mentally, I beseech you to say in your own selves how far Christ was true when he said that outward pleasure was costly, self-defeating, self-deceiving, mocking, false through and through—a great gilded lie. You carry that sentiment unanimously, you curse yourselves for having contributed to establish its truth. You say that were it denied by a thousand worlds you would be compelled in the supreme hour of your conscience to make oath that Christ was right.

Was He not further right in describing the selfishness of those persons who, having exhausted the young man's fortune, abandoned him to his disgrace and his poverty? Now, what could this Son of Mary have known about such people? Yet in the hearing of publicans and sinners, scribes and Pharisees, He makes this impeachment: "When you have plucked every feather from your bird, sucked his blood, blinded his eyes, you leave him." Did any man arise and charge Christ with having drawn a travesty of human nature on its gay side? Did any one say, "Make a parable, if you please, but do keep within the lines of probability; there is honor among thieves, there is a law of co-operation and support among men who go out to do gay things and drink gay cups and serve gay devils; draw your parable if you like, but do keep somewhere within the lines of probability"? No such challenge was made, no such challenge can be made. Dear young man, come to London with some of thy father's little savings; hear me. There will be persons who will make up to you and laugh and joke with you right freely, merry fellows, genial souls; they will show you what they can, accompany you in your journeys, join you in your pursuits, divide with you your recreations, meet you to enjoy in common your holidays, and so long as you have the gold they will find the fun. But when your last sovereign is changed, and the last half-sovereign is dwindling down, they will find fault with you, they will turn cold toward you. They have exhausted your little store saved by much labor on the old man's part, saved because of the dear old mother at home who pinched herself that she might enrich you, as she thought it enriching; and when you have come to your last penny the people who have enjoyed most all you had to give will leave you. Is it possible that you can believe that just now? I despair of writing that con-

viction very deeply upon your hearts. You say, "It cannot be true; you do not know these young men; if you knew them, you would not say so for a moment; more jovial, free-hearted, kind, generous young fellows you never saw." They have succeeded, you have failed; they meant to write themselves just in that character upon your heart and your imagination; they have succeeded; they are cleverer than you; they have completed their autograph, and it will be an abiding impression. They have you now in their power, and they will wreck you.

But is any young man to be turned back by mere preaching? Never. No young man believes a preacher till he has tested the devil; then he begins to say, "The preacher is not so romantic as I once thought he was; he has got the grip of truth; he speaks good, strong common sense, does that man; I begin to see that he was right when I was wrong." It would seem, however, as if every man must put to the test for himself the whole circle of evil; he must knock at every door that has a promise of liberty upon it, to find it opened by a hag and to be dragged in to his destruction and his shame. Some of you have been so often dragged in that it is about time you should be listening to words of instruction, gospels of deliverance; and I want to say these things to you now, and to ask you on this spring morning, in the name and strength of Christ, to say you will arise and go to your Father. I know what you suffer; I am in communication with persons you know nothing about; I know what toils are round you, what secret sufferings some of you endure, what mortal shame is burning the blood and life of some of you, and I want to come out into the far country where you now are to tell you that the Father lives and loves and wants to see you back again.

Is not the parable true to nature in its bringing the young man to think about his father in the time of his last distress? He thought about nobody else. There comes a time in life when everybody else vanishes and the father comes up supreme, alone—not always the human father, the natural parent, but the father's spirit, the father's principles, the paternal home—and that carries itself upward in every heightening aspiration until it finds itself completed and satisfied in the Fatherhood of God.

And how wonderfully true to fact is it when the young man, luxuriously brought up and well stored with common wealth, has only the most humiliating alternative to fall back upon in the day of his overthrow! Let us understand that a little, if you please, as part of what I consider to be true of the family economics. This young man in the parable was brought up luxuriously; his father had beautiful robes, rings for the fingers, fatted calves for banquets, servants in considerable numbers to relieve him from labor; the

young man had been brought up to be nothing and to do nothing. So long as his store lasted the training was not bad, but the moment the store was done, what is the alternative? Feeding swine. Think of the philosophy of that conception; see Christ's mind at its best there. What alternative has the daintily brought-up young man who has no trade at his fingers' ends to fall back upon in the day of distress? Menial service—feeding swine. It is in that suggestion I see my Saviour's genius. It is so all the world over, and of necessity it is so. How are you bringing your boy up? "Well, I am worth a quarter of a million, and he will never have any occasion to work, you know, and I am allowing him a good deal of bridle and license; and, in fact, he has nothing but a gentleman's fortune to look to, and therefore the question of occupation or profession has really never come up very seriously before my mind." What is your son's alternative—because even a quarter of a million can take wings to itself and flee away—what is in the other hand? Why, if he could make a shoe he would never be poor; if he could make a box of matches he would have a measure of independence; but if you have brought him up to dainty do-nothingness, if the quarter of a million should fail, as it may do—I have known a million vanish—your boy would have to feed swine!

Young man, get your fingers into use; study a profession, learn a trade; have a way of your own of making honorable money; then, if your father's little gold hill should melt away, you can go to your studies, and to your trades, and to your mechanics, and can maintain an honorable independence. The working man is the rich man. He who holds money only is a poor man; he who holds a good profession or a good honest trade never needs to be poor. Will you, young men, think of this? Get rid of your foolish notions of gentility; take your coats off and go to work, and if there is no dignity in the occupation, put it in. The occupation is what a man makes it.

Jesus Christ is talking thus among us this morning. He always speaks to the point; He is always square upon our life; we never catch Him in a misstatement; whenever He addresses Himself to human experience and human necessity, He speaks the right word; He gives utterance to our deepest feeling, and makes us by so doing witnesses to the profound truth of His gospel and His appeal.

There is one pathetic expression in this parable that does really melt the heart. It is an expression which is part of every day's history, "He began to be in want." What he had never seen before, a vision that had never looked at him, a grim face that had never been seen in the flashing saloons, in which he had been imaginatively brought up. Do you know what it is to get your first views of the most trying

elements and forces of life? Observe, this was a beginning; he *began* to be in want. Recall first aches, first pains, first disappointments, beginning of depression, fear, ruin. You have gone to the box, lifted the lid and thrust your arm up to the elbow in the big store, and you have said to appealing friends, "Take what you want; there is more where it came from." And again you have gone, and still the store lay thick upon that velvet, and you have taken it out with a lavish hand once more. And again you have gone and the layer is thinner, and you have no means of putting any in with the other hand, for you have no industry, no mechanics, no trade, no profession; you are a consumer and not a producer. And at last your fingers get at the velvet before they get at the gold. Then you begin to count—one, two, three; but in your infatuation you think the thing will grow. Put down the lid, go back to-morrow, and somehow the store will have increased; you cannot tell how; you trust to the chapter of accidents, which is the Bible of the fool, that the gold will be there when you go again. It is not there, and you begin to be in want. You have one sovereign, and the man at the door wants two, and the man at the door is never pitiful. If he thought you had two thousand he would be bland as the summer morning, "Thank you, sir"; but if you have only one and he wants two, the wolf will get up in him, and no beast of the forest will be so savage as that man at the door when he wants his two sovereigns and knows that you have only one.

The Gospel is thus full of real, strong, urgent talk. Christianity thus comes to us in a very plain, matter-of-fact, solid, earnest manner. The Christian appeals are not appeals to your nice little dainty fancy that can be pleased with gilded soap-bubbles floating in the summer air. Christianity is righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and nothing will test the whole fabric and shape and outline of your life so severely as the fire of Christ's great Gospel. Are you in want? Let us not disguise it; we are all in want: in want of sympathy, in want of love, in want of one strong, kind hand just to give a lift, in want of a gentle word for the solace of death. By every pang thine heart can feel, by every sense of loss that makes thee poor, by every aching void in thy distressed bosom, I charge thee to come to Him who can relieve thy want, answer thy prayers in blessings, and turn thine aspirations every one into infinite satisfactions.

Why have you come to listen to me this morning? You cannot tell. I know: God sent you to have your wants talked about, to hear and see a minister of His, who would point you to the unsearchable riches, to the eternal benedictions of the one Gospel. If you are in want and know it, I am glad of it. If you are in pain, and understand the origin of this pain, I thank

God for it. There is hope of a man who feels the pressure of his burden, who is smarting under actual and most acute pain, and who is asking, "What must I do to be saved?" When such a man comes in presence of the Christian teacher, it remains only for the Christian teacher to preach to him Christ and His Cross, Christ and His righteousness, Christ and His blood, Christ and His readiness to save. Oh! poor soul, thou camest in here in want; thou mayest go out rich with unsearchable and inexhaustible riches. Believest thou this?

Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism.*

THIRD CONFERENCE.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, PERFECT AND IMPERFECT, LEAVES ROOM FOR PLAY OF MENTAL ACTIVITY. CATHOLICITY THE "YEA" OF CHRISTIANITY, PROTESTANTISM THE "NAY." TRUE CAUSE OF PROTESTANT REFORMATION. PROTESTANTISM, DIVERSITY WITHOUT UNITY; ROME, UNITY WITHOUT DIVERSITY; CATHOLICITY, UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

DELIVERED BY THE **Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D.**, IN NEWARK, N. J.; (at the request of leading Episcopal Laymen of that City), MAY 22, 1878.

BEFORE beginning his Conference, Dr. Ewer stepped out to the front of the rostrum and made the following remarks, viz.: I have come up to the consideration of this topic not to attack a single human being living. I am, on the other hand, criticising a system. The whole issue is too solemn, too lofty, too vital in itself for either side so far to forget itself as to lose temper. I am attacking not Protestants, for I have many respected and many dearly loved friends and near relatives who are Protestants; but I am attacking *Protestantism*. I am attacking not Roman Catholics, for I have loved and respected friends who are Roman Catholics; but I am attacking *Romanism*. I speak, gentlemen, not at my own motion, but in obedience to your call. Hitherto abstracts only of these Conferences have appeared in the secular press. Indeed who could expect that any daily paper could find space, in this busy age, for six long addresses, each four solid columns in length? But it results as a fact, that the public outside of this building cannot adequately ascertain the ideas of this counter-Reformation. Before me indeed is a great sea of heads; but you, gentlemen, are nothing in comparison with the vast public. They cannot comprehend what it is that has banded together the 15,000 of the nobility, gentry and clergy of the "English Church Union," the 12,000 of the "Church of England Workingmen's Defense Association," the 13,000 members of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," nor the thousands that signed the late monster petition to the authorities in England. And certainly the position of the Catholic school of thought cannot properly, nor indeed at all adequately, be answered unless it is comprehended.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by F. C. Ewer, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, 1878.

The *Tribune*, day before yesterday, very naturally therefore fell into the mistake of speaking of this great movement, which began more than a half century ago, as a retreat toward the Roman Church; and Mr. Beecher, in his two sermons on Sunday last, virtually gave the same impression. All this shows how radically the movement is misunderstood.

In a brief word, then, Catholics claim that Protestantism has failed as a *preservative of Christianity* on earth. The two main counts in the indictment presented ten years ago against Protestantism were, that if its premises were true, its logical conclusion was not Christianity but infidelity; that Theodore Parker and Frothingham were the legitimate brain-children of John Calvin and Martin Luther; and that it is impossible for any of the Trinitarian Protestant sects to answer Parker's and Frothingham's arguments. Secondly, that what ought thus logically to happen after three hundred years of Calvinism and Lutheranism has happened historically—namely, that while Protestantism three or two hundred years ago held great thoughtful peoples, it has failed to retain its hold on those peoples; that with rare exceptions it has to-day lost both their intellect and their masses. Ten years ago, with all that was said in pulpit and press, these two counts in the indictment were in no one case met and answered. They were received simply with a shout of holy malediction and impotent scorn. But ten years have wrought a change. Robert Dale Owen, in his calmly written Introduction to "The Debatable Land," admits them. Mr. Beecher last Sunday admits, and even more fully than your speaker had ever charged, that it is indeed true that lands once believing the Protestant presentment of Christianity are to-day honey-combed with atheism, pantheism and infidelity generally. He says that skepticism is wide-spread in the pews even of the very Protestant Churches themselves; that a photograph of what is going on in the brains of the people as the preachers preach would be curious; that sober-faced, thoughtful gentlemen sit in the pews and listen, and say in reply in their minds, "Maybe—Maybe"; which means "No."

Ah, then, it is beginning to be admitted at last that Protestantism is effete. To say nothing of Noah's ark, against which, by the way, the stubborn multitudes, who were shortly after drowned, protested most vigorously, I am afraid Mr. Beecher is about as wise in remaining in Protestantism as I should be if I insisted on sailing to Albany in a sloop, or going to Boston in a stage-coach, instead of using the railroad or steam-boat. Mr. Beecher's entire sermon condenses down to the following statement: "Yes, Protestantism has destroyed Christian belief and created infidels, pantheists and atheists by the thousands. And, isn't it glorious!" Mr. Beecher, Mr. Beecher, you shouldn't joke in the pulpit.

Now, this counter-Reformation of ours goes on to say, "Yes, and Romanism is a failure, too; the sixteenth century burst that bubble; and to-day Roman lands also are honey-combed with infidelity."

Is *Christianity* a failure, then? Why, it would be, were there no other presentment of Christianity than the Roman and the Protestant presentments. But there is a third presentment, radically different both from the Roman and from the Protestant. And this third presentment is "Catholicity," an explanation of which you, gentlemen, have asked for in these Conferences. Eighteen hundred years ago this Catholic presentment of Christianity went forth into Europe, and in less than four centuries captured not only the thinkers but also the masses of Europe. But in the middle ages Romanism arose as a poisoned presentment of Christianity; and afterward, in the sixteenth century, Protestantism came on as another poisoned presentment of Christianity. And it is because they are both of them poisoned presentments that the thinking world has virtually rejected both. Very well, what is the cure for all this? Surely Catholics were grossly illogical to say, as Mr. Beecher thinks we say, "Cure one failure by going back to something that had previously failed."

Nay, say we, if Protestantism and Romanism have both failed, let us have the Catholic Christianity once more; if it be tried for a century or two, it can do again what it has already done; it can regain again to Christianity what Protestantism and Romanism between them have lost.

In the great world to-day Early Church and Catholic Christianity is a still small voice, it is true. But now that Romanism has filled the world with its great strong wind and its fire for 700 years, and Protestantism with its earthquakes for 325 years, possibly the world will listen to something that is not in the wind, and not in the fire, and not in the earthquake.

GENTLEMEN—In our First Conference we found Catholicity to be a Continent of Certainty and Protestantism an Ocean of Conjecture. In our Second we found Catholicity to be a Life and an Organizer and Protestantism a Disorganizer and a Death. In taking up for the last time the subject of Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism, let me say that I listen with respect to an objection which I am sure has arisen in your minds since last we met, and which I should have treated at the close of the last Conference had I not feared exhausting your patience by detaining you too long.

If the Catholic Church is the Body of God Who is still on earth, how is it, you will ask, that It exhibits so many infirmi-

ties, not only in the life, but also in the religious opinions of Its members touching points lying outside of the Creed ?

All God's great works are composite and intricate. And the answer to this question will advance our conception of the Church ; for, as I understand the subject you have assigned to me, it is primarily "Catholicity"; and secondarily "Its Relationship, first, to Protestantism, and secondly, to Romanism."

In the first place, then, it is with the Church—it is, that is to say, with the God-man on earth in the centuries, as it was with the God-man in Palestine. In His Divine element He was perfect, indefectible and infinite. But in His human element He was finite ; He grew in stature and in wisdom ; was often wearied, soiled and hungry ; "His visage so marred more than any man that many were astonished at Him ;" His poor frame stretched at last and out of joint upon the cross, bruised and swollen with lashings, thorn-pierced, spear-pierced and dead.

Furthermore, it is with the Church as it is with the Bible. The Bible contains not only a Divine element, but also human elements ; the Bible is therefore both infinite and finite, both perfect and imperfect. Parts of it are written in imperfect Greek ; its style is sometimes involved ; St. Paul's Epistle to the Laodiceans is gone from it ; passages are in it which all agree should be out of it ; one-half of the Christian world—more than one-half of the Catholic world even—hold that the Epistle to the Hebrews, St. James' Epistle, St. Jude's, the second and third of St. John, the second of St. Peter, the verses from the 9th to the 20th in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, the statement concerning the bloody sweat in St. Luke, and other passages here and there, are not fully canonical. The majority of quotations in the New Testament vary from the Old Testament text. In St. Mark the Magdalen came to the sepulchre at the rising of the sun ; but according to St. John it was still dark when she came and found the tomb empty. In short, the Bible goes down through the ages bearing the Divine element unharmed within it, but showing at the same time the unsightly bruises and the dark stains of its human elements with which the Divine is inseparably bound up. The Bible has 925,877 words ; and yet while that band of words is organized into the one perfect outward body expressive of the infallible message of heaven, each word, in itself considered, is a poor finite word, and each sentence, in itself considered, is liable to imperfections and fallibility.

So also the Church is at the same time infinite and finite, divine and human. Infinite and infallible, because It is as a whole the one organic Body of God, expressing perfectly His truth and conveying perfectly His graces ; finite, because that Body is made up of human atoms each of which, individually consid-

ered is fallible and progressive, and of provinces and great Communions each of which, in itself considered, is liable to imperfections and error. The whole Anglican Church together, therefore, is fallible; the whole Roman Church is fallible; the whole Greek Church is fallible. The whole body of bishops is in itself alone a fallible body. For it is to be remembered that God did not promise to be with any part of His Church, however large or small, to preserve that part from error when acting independently of the rest as a definer of new truth. No, He only promised to be with His whole Church and guide It into truth when It acted together as a definer of new truth. However, more of this when we come to Romanism.

Furthermore, with regard to these infirmities in the Church. Man is often compelled to combine many means to produce one end; but God not seldom brings out one single means to accomplish many different ends. And it is to be remembered that if God is on earth *en rapport* with us, He is here not for a single purpose, but for a two-fold purpose—to meet our two-fold necessities: namely, not only to speak to us all infallibly, but also to cure each of us individually. The Catholic Church is, therefore, under one aspect, the Body of God speaking the perfect truth and imparting grace; but It is also, under another aspect, the human race convalescing. And that there should be pains during convalescence is not surprising, nay, it is inevitable.

A word or two more touching differences of opinion in the Church on points lying outside of the Creed and of those verities mentioned in the last Conference. Suppose God, having defined the essentials of truth, should go on constantly defining new truth on subordinate points as they arise. Should He thus do everything for the individual, should He define all religious truth infallibly, the individual would relapse mentally into leaden inertness in the matter of theology. Christ, therefore, neither does nothing, nor yet does He do all. But while helping the individual where otherwise he would be left helpless, He leaves to each a necessity for action—mental action as well as moral action. This is one of our necessities, and is attended to simultaneously with His other works in the Church. How is it accomplished? Why, outside of the Creed and the verities mentioned in the last Conference, outside, that is to say, of the fundamentals of truth, outside of the essentials of salvation, Christ leaves in the Church a region where mental activity can reverently play, where each can reason on non-essentials, which are yet not without their importance, where each can investigate, form theories and discuss. The essentials being fixed, no eternal harm follows from temporary differences on other matters.

But at the same time we are all in one Body, we are all in

one System, in the centre of which stands as a sun the Creed with the essentials of truth. And that sun of truth exerts throughout the system a centralizing force of gravity which is felt by all the erratic and conflicting theories and reasonings that are within the system, which restrains them from developing and straying to lengths that would be finally disastrous, and which, in the long run, draws them all into harmonious revolutions about itself. Thus Catholicity is a system which holds all up to God, holds all up to The Life, holds all up to The Truth. While it is, therefore, the great benign, unifying force, it does not at the same time crush the individuality out of any man. For it is to be borne in mind that if the Body Mystical, the Church, is a creature of God and therefore sacred, so, too, is each separate individual a creature of God and therefore sacred. Neither of these sacred creatures must crush the other. If the Church crushes the individual, or the individual the Church, it is murder. If the Church allows itself to be crushed by the individual, or the individual allows himself to be crushed by the Church, it is suicide. In Romanism the Church crushes the individual. In Protestantism the individual kills the Church. He who perverts from Catholicity to Romanism commits the sin of suicide. He lays himself beneath the wheels of the car of its Juggernaut.

Now, cut off by self-action from this grand, unifying Catholic system, Protestantism is left to fly away from the "Yea" of Christianity into a condition of perpetual and uncontrolled fluctuation and instability touching even the very essentials of truth themselves; and finally to drop off into the utter darkness and nothingness of the "Nay" of Christianity; "while the Son of God, Jesus Christ, Who is preached among you by us," His Priests, "is not yea and nay, but in Him is only yea."

Thus the Church hath the Divine and infallible element of truth and grace bound up into benignant oneness with the fallible and progressive elements of humanity; and, like the Bible, displays sad evidences of its human elements as well as glad evidences of its Divine.

We have only this Conference in which further to treat Catholicity in its relationship with Protestantism. Permit me, then, to present very briefly a third aspect of the two.

Before Jesus Christ came, as the human race had gone into fragments through the fall, so Truth itself was also in fragments. There were glittering shards of Truth in all the ancient false philosophies, in the Kings of China, the Vedas of India, the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, and in every cultus of ancient Paganism. Catholicity, coming with Jesus Christ in the centre of time, was the restorer of Truth as well as of man. It was the gathering up and harmonious concentration of all those verities that were dispersed in previous modes of wor-

ship. It was the cleanser of them all. It was the supplier of the parts that were lost; and it was the restorer to the world of the rounded sphere of Truth in all its integrity.

But, sixteen hundred years afterward, Protestantism came to smite the rounded truth and to disperse its fragments broadcast once more. I cannot refrain here from quoting, with slight variations, a striking paragraph of the Count de Maistrés: "Consider," he says, "the Catholic Truth as an assemblage of positive dogmas; the unity of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation the Real Presence, etc. The sixteenth-century sects denied one and another and another of these dogmas. But those dogmas which they retained are common to Catholicity. So that Catholicity includes all that the sects believe—this is incontestable. The sects, be they what they may, are not *religions*, they are *negations*; that is to say, they are nothing in themselves; for directly they *affirm* anything they are Catholic."

And Mr. Baring-Gould, in one of the most remarkable books of the century, "The Origin and Development of Christianity," admirably illustrates the same truth. "Catholicity," he says, "proclaims the union of the Divine and human natures in Christ. Arianism appeared, and, abandoning more or less completely the first of these two terms, reproduced the second alone. What did Arianism affirm? The humanity of Christ. Catholicity equally affirms this; it believes all that Arianism believed. What did Arianism add to that article of faith? A negation of the first term, *i. e.*, nothing. Catholicity proclaims the co-existence of grace and free-will—that is to say, of divine and human action. Pelagianism started up and left on one side the first of these terms and reproduced the second alone. What did it affirm? The existence of human liberty. Catholicity had affirmed it long before and believed in all that Pelagianism held. What, then, did Pelagianism add to this article of belief? A negation of the first term, *i. e.*, nothing. Catholicity proclaims the double necessity of faith and good works. Luther arose, and, omitting the second of these two points, asserted the former only. What did he affirm? The necessity of faith. Catholicity had insisted on this with unchanging voice. What did Luther add? A negation of the second point, *i. e.*, nothing. Finally, Catholicity proclaims the Sacraments, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, etc. Protestants reject these; in other terms, they substitute for them simple negations, which are nothing. As every heretical or schismatical sect retains this or that verity which suits it, to the exclusion of other truths, and as this process takes place from a thousand different points of view, it is sufficient to add together the articles separately admitted by these communions, mutually antagonistic, to arrive at the sum of all Catholic verities. Also, it is sufficient to strike out the points which

each rejects, or to subtract them from the total, to arrive at zero, and thus to show that there is no phase of truth which they do not deny. In the first case they conclude directly for Catholicity, which is the entirety of which they are the fragments; in the second, they conclude indirectly, by showing that outside of Catholicity is nothing but a process of disintegration of all belief."

But as you stand in presence of the amazing destruction of the sixteenth century, I hear you musing within yourselves and saying, "Surely vast results cannot come from trifling causes; and was there not a reason for Protestantism?"

Certainly, gentlemen, there were mediæval abuses. The Goths and Vandals had swarmed the decks and interior of the fair Catholic ship as she sailed down time, and brought their unseemly things with them; but how could this be reason for burning and sinking the ship? If God makes the human eye, and inflammation gets into that eye, is that a reason for dashing out the eye itself from the head? There was, indeed, cause for Reformation. But a cause for Reformation is not a cause for destruction. To cleanse a palace by burning it down and tearing up the very stones of its foundation were, surely, the work of folly and of madness. Destruction is a sorry synonym for reformation. The Anglican movement was a Reformation; the Protestant movement was a wide-spread destruction. In England Catholicity was cleansed of its impurities and is saved. On the Continent Catholicity was destroyed and lost. Ah! gentlemen, if philosophy would really account for that torch of the incendiary and knife of the assassin that wrought such havoc in Germany, Switzerland and Scandinavia with the true Catholic dogma, practice and life, it must look deeper than into mediæval abuses. And what is deeper, gentlemen, than the human heart itself? What, since the first resistance of Adam and the fall of man, hath more mysterious chambers? Within it, deep-seated, there is, alas! a basilisk; and that monster is ever ready to rouse himself and resist the principle of submission to Divine authority in matters of Faith. It was not in the sixteenth century alone that this basilisk was in the human heart. For the spirit of resistance to Divine authority has manifested itself more or less in all centuries since the fall. But the sixteenth century was exceptional in another respect; for it stood at the close of a long turmoil. It was a vast crisis. Every great war is always followed, like every great tempest, by a ground-swell, which heaves up from the bottom of human nature and rouses into action whatsoever is of evil report. And the thirteen hundred long years of continual turmoil and war, in which the ancient polities and civilizations, after centuries of struggle, went down in a vast shipwreck, and out of which modern Europe slowly and painfully emerged, were followed by a

recrudescence and exacerbation of that human infirmity and spirit of resistance to God, which appeared after the fall in the unhappy Lamech and the defiant Cain.

Indeed, Erasmus said: "I know, as a positive fact, that there never were more luxury and adultery than among the Evangelicals, as they please to call themselves."

George Wizel, in his letters, says: "When I saw the evangelical people reject and ridicule all discipline, all decent living, all that conduces to make men better and truer Christians, and that my sermons, instead of amending hearts, demoralized them, then I began seriously to doubt this doctrine. My doubts gained strength when I saw the debauchery, the hardness, the avarice and pride of the leaders, their endless contradictions, and the discreditable turn the enterprise assumed in other respects."

John Egranus says: "Here are fine results! History is open to demonstrate to us that, during the eight centuries since Germany was Christianized, there has not been in the land a perversity equal to that which, as every one acknowledges, reigns triumphant now."

Luther himself said that for "one devil of popery expelled, seven worse devils had entered into his evangelicals." And yet in his recklessness he prayed that awful prayer: "O Lord God of heaven, may we be steeped in all kinds of obscenities in all abominations of sin, rather than fall back into the blindness of popery; and deliver us from even a spirit of compunction."

Bucer said: "The great bulk of those who joined the reform proposed to themselves the following advantages: freedom from the tyranny of the Pope and the Bishops; that being done they were all eagerness to give themselves up freely to their caprices and to all their carnal passions. And, indeed, it is to them a most agreeable thing to be able to say, 'We are justified by faith only; and good works, for which we have no taste, are utterly useless.' Others have favored the preaching of the Gospel solely because it offered them the means of appropriating the goods of the Church. The doctrine of the reign of Jesus Christ has been faithfully announced in a great number of places, I own, but I should be sore puzzled to name a single church where it is practiced, and where Christian discipline is to be found."

Luther describes the state of things. He says: "There is not one of our Evangelicals who is not seven times worse than he was when he was a Romanist—stealing, lying, deceiving, eating and getting drunk, and giving himself up to all kinds of vices."

Indeed, the statistics of crime in one single city show this. There were condemned to death in Nuremberg for incest, highway robbery, murder, infanticide, unnatural crimes, etc.,

in the fifteenth century, before the Reformation, 41; in the sixteenth century, after the Reformation, 190; in the seventeenth century, after the Reformation, 272.

Luther wrote to the preacher Riemann: "All the good which we hoped for in this age has vanished as a dream, and in its place a flood of evil is produced which leaves nothing to hope but the dissolution of all things. May the day of God's wrath speedily come to put an end to our miseries and to this infernal disorder." Again he writes: "For the price of the whole world I would not have to begin again. This enterprise brings such agonies with it. Oh, dear Sirs, this is no child's play!"

If such was the case in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what would he have said of the French Revolution of the Protestants in the eighteenth and of the Commune in the nineteenth centuries?

And so we have, gentlemen, on the Continent of Europe, after the 1,300 years of turmoil, the rousing of the Basilisk, and, as a consequence, not a Reformation, but a Deformation and a hideous destruction. Shall we be stubborn heirs to this fearful legacy? Shall this continue forever?

But, notwithstanding all this, the natural human heart is of itself so much better than the Protestant system, that at last even it has reacted, and has risen, an ally to Catholicity, to restore to some considerable extent common morality.

Permit me next to present to you, in condensed form, a fourth aspect of Catholicity and Protestantism.

As we go up the scale of being, we pass from the simple to the complex; from homogeneous unities to unities each of which contains within itself variety. The simple unity marks a low and imperfect order of existence. The chick is more complex than the egg; the seed, with its radix and two cotyledons, is simpler and lower in the scale of existence than the fully developed tree. If we start from the simple unity of the atom and go up, we come to the more complex unity of the stone. We pass from the stone up to the plant, and find there more diversity still. We pass up to the animal, and we find a still greater variety in the unit; we have matter and instinct. We go up to man only to strike a unit comprehending more variety yet; for we have in him body, instinct, intellect with all its diversity, the moral sense and immortality. And so on up to God, in Whom is the complexity, incomprehensible to us, of three distinct Persons in one undivided Substance. The highest unit, then, is not the unit of simplicity. It is the unit which is differentiated within itself into variety and complexity. Such a unit fills with satisfaction the mind of man and of God. God did not make the solar system one single, enormous globe; nor did He make the earth one smooth sphere of granite. No; while He kept the earth a unit, He developed

it into the variations of land and sea, of mysterious mountain and placid lowland, of storm and sunshine, of town and farm, and forest and lake.

Behold, then, in Catholicity the perfect unit, the unit of the highest order. For while Romanism is simple organic unity without diversity, and while Protestantism is diversity without organic unity, Catholicity is organic unity in diversity.

The Oriental type of Catholic man does not object to the Catholic worship which is in harmony with the Anglican type of man, nor does the Anglican object to the Russo-Greek, although each prefers his own for himself. No one is disturbed if national religious habits differ, or if each have his services in his own language.

No two men are alike; and yet God has organized His one visible Church to include all men. It is Itself, then, Catholic and, outside of the fundamentals, tolerant. That there should be schools of thought in Catholicity is unavoidable and not perhaps wrong, so long as those parties do not, in human infirmity, develop the exclusive sect-spirit. In the Catholic Church these two forces, the party-force and the Christ-force, the sundering and the cohesive, are two poles of one power, and perhaps each, in our fallen condition, may be necessary to the healthy existence of the other. As in the solar system there is a centrifugal force to keep the worlds apart and give variety, and a centripetal to bind them, nevertheless, into oneness, so in the domain of the Catholic Church the human spirit of party goes forth into variety, and the Divine power of God goes forth unto unity. Protestantism strikes out the Catholic centripetal force, and flies off and to pieces. Rome strikes out the centrifugal force, and tumbles from the perfect living unit into the unity of simplicity, the unity of the lowest order. In Catholicity, while the rights and prerogatives of the Church are proclaimed, and the correlative duties of the individual insisted on, the rights of the individual as a creature of God are not ignored, but respected. While there is hierarchy, there is yet, normally, no tyranny. Over the child is the parent, and over the parent is the Priest, and over the Priest is the Bishop, and over the Bishop is the ecclesiastical authority of the province, and over that the great Communion or Patriarchate, and over that the whole Catholic Church in space and time. This is the hierarchy. For it is to be remembered that the Church of God is not a democracy, nor a republic; it is the Kingdom of God on earth. The King is Jesus Christ, Who exercises His authority through officers in regular gradation all the way down to the children. This is the hierarchy. And in it each grade, if a father to the grade below it, is itself a child to the grade above. Thus authority is kept from being a school of pride, finding its corrective in humility. If each

grade except the lowest has something to command, it has something also above it to obey. This is the hierarchy. "Children, obey your parents," is the law binding on every grade, and it is the mother of order throughout all the ranks. And yet in this hierarchy there is normally no tyranny. For suppose a father should command his child to steal; is the child bound to obey on penalty of breaking the fifth commandment? No. That were tyranny. Even the child has its rights. And the child knows that the Priest is a higher father still, and has forbidden him to steal. And in case of a conflict of commands issuing from the grade above, and the grade above that, the command issuing from the higher grade is to be obeyed, rather than that issuing from the lower, or the fifth commandment is really broken. Suppose the Priest should impose on his people something wrong; there is no tyranny in the hierarchy; for the Bishop is the right reverend father to control aright the priest. Suppose the Bishop should set up his private whim as binding upon Priest and people, still there is no tyranny, for the Provincial authority is over the Bishop, and the Bishop is bound to leave free what it leaves free, and to execute its will and law and not his own private notions. A bishop once refused to go to the Church of the Advent, Boston. The Priest appealed, and the Provincial authority virtually commanded the Bishop to go. Thus, when the child is in obedience to and in harmony with its parent, and the parents are in obedience to and in harmony with the Priest, and the Priests with the Bishop, and the Bishops with the Provincial authority, and that with the great Catholic Church, which is the Body of and in harmony with Christ, all swing together in obedience to and in harmony with God.

In mediæval times the western part of Catholicity, with all the evils which the Goths and Vandals brought upon it, yet still presented the ancient aspect of variety in unity. Even in later times there were the varieties of the ultramontane and the Gallican Church. Nations had their different rituals. Why, in Queen Bess's time, the Bishop of Rome offered to accept and acknowledge the Reformed Anglican Church, Ministry, Prayer-book and all, just as She was, if England would only admit his sovereignty over her Queen. But Rome, that never varies, has changed all this. She has brought her pressure upon all to Italianize and Romanize everything; to wipe out all fair varieties and to reduce everything to a simple uniformity. The Gallican school of thought is crushed. All now everywhere is Jesuit. The Gallican Ritual is abolished; all is Italianized and Romanized. The influence of the great St. Ambrose gave to Milan certain customs, and they held their ground till recently. But Rome will leave no variety; she is slowly wiping what little there is left away. If she clothes an

Italian Bishop, who has no diocese, in oriental robes to say Mass, it does not deceive the world that is gazing in attentive neutrality. She will reduce all to the lower order of simple unity in all things. She will brook no variety in unity.

The statement, on the other hand, that Protestantism is utter diversity without organic unity, needs no enlargement or illustration. If there is any apparent unity, it comes from the fact that Protestantism has drifted so far off toward negation that there is little care left in it as to what is believed. And so in my native town, and elsewhere, it has come to pass, at last, that the Unitarian exchanges pulpits with the orthodox Congregationalist.

You have assigned to me three Conferences on Catholicity and Protestantism. In bidding farewell to this first half of our subject, let us see to what we trace back Catholicity, and to what we trace back Protestantism. We follow Catholicity back, with its stately Rituals and comforting dogmas, to the sixteenth century; back through the middle ages to the ages of the Six Great Councils; back to St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, to St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, to Clement, Bishop of Rome, whose name St. Paul says is written on the Book of Life, to St. Timothy, Bishop of Ephesus, and St. Titus, of Crete, to Sts. Andrew, John and James, and up to Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled; blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." We follow it up to Him who was much in worship, much in holy meditation, much in prayer.

We follow Protestantism back to the sixteenth century and up to Martin Luther, on the other hand, who, writing of holy meditation and prayer, said: "When the monks, sitting in their cells, meditated on God and His works, when inflamed with the most ardent devotion, they bowed the knee, prayed and contemplated heavenly things with so much delight that they shed tears; here was no thought of women nor of any other creature, but only of the Creator and His marvelous works. And yet this thing, most spiritual in the judgment of reason, is, according to Paul, a work of the flesh. Wherefore all such is religious idolatry; and the more holy and spiritual it is in appearance, the more pernicious and pestilential it is." I do not know, I am sure, why scientific meditation has so become a lost art in Protestant lands that we have to teach the art all over again; I do not know why worship has so died away that meeting-houses are shut up from Sunday night to the subsequent Sunday morning. I do not know why it should be that when, in Mecklenburg, an inquiry was made into the state of the Established Lutheran Church in 1854, "it was ascertained

that, in the three head churches of the Principality there had been no divine service 228 times, because there had been no congregation." I do not know how it is that the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* should have informed the world ten years ago thus: "The Congregational ministers of Connecticut have thoroughly canvassed their parishes to ascertain the actual religious condition of the State. The result was unexpected. In 100 towns at least one-third of the families are not in the habit of going to church. Irreligion was found to increase in proportion to the distance from the centre of towns. It prevails more in sparsely-settled farming districts than in the manufacturing villages. The Committee on Home Evangelization say in their published report: 'The returns give the impression that the Roman Catholic population do not often sink to so low a grade of heathenism as the irreligious native-born population. They do not entirely abandon some thought of God, and some respect for their religious observances. *Uniformly the districts most utterly given over to desolation* are districts occupied by a population purely native-American. A similar state of things is reported to exist in some parts of Massachusetts.'" I do not know why prayer hath so died away. I only know what Luther said.

We trace Protestantism back to Luther, who said, again: "Thou seest how rich is the Christian; even if he will, he *cannot* destroy his salvation by any sins how grievous soever, unless he refuse to believe." Who said again: "Be thou a sinner and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice in Christ. From Him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand times in every day we should commit fornication or murder." Who said again: "If in faith an adultery were committed, it were no sin." To Martin Luther, who said: "The Gospel does not bid us *do* anything, or bid us leave anything *undone*; it exacts *nothing* of us; quite the contrary. In place of saying, 'Do this, do that,' it simply requires us to spread out our lap and accept, saying, 'Hold! see what God has done for you, and given His own Son to be incarnate for you: accept the gift, *believe*, and you are saved.'" And again: "You owe nothing to God, nothing, except to believe and confess Him. In everything else He leaves you perfect liberty to do exactly what you like, without any peril for your conscience; even—for He is quite indifferent to it—you may abandon your wife, or desert your husband, or not keep any engagement you have contracted, for what concern is it to God whether you do these things or not?" To Luther, who wrote again to one suffering from remorse on account of his sins: "Drink, play, laugh and do some sin even as an act of defiance and contempt to the devil. Therefore, if the devil says to you, 'Don't drink so,' do you reply to him, 'Aye, I

will drink all the more copiously in the name of Christ.' Thus do just contrary to that which Satan (*i. e., conscience*) prompts. One can drive these Satanic thoughts away by introducing other thoughts, such as that of a pretty girl, avarice, drunkenness, or by giving way to violent passion: *such is my advice.*"

We trace Protestantism back to Melancthon, who says: "Whatever thou doest, whether thou eatest, drinkest, workest with thy hand, I may add shouldst thou even sin therewith, *look not to thy works*; weigh the promise of God." Who says again, "God ought not to displease you when He damns the innocent. All things take place by the eternal and invariable will of God, who blasts and shatters in pieces the freedom of the will. God creates in us the *evil* in like manner as the good. The high perfection of faith is to believe that God is just, notwithstanding that by His will He renders us necessarily damnable." And again: "We cannot advise that the license of marrying more wives than one be *publicly* introduced. There is nothing unusual in princes keeping concubines; and although the lower orders may not perceive the excuses of the thing, the more intelligent know how to make allowance."

We trace Protestantism back to Calvin, who said that God instigates man to the commission of what is evil, and that man's fall into crime is ordained by the providence of God. To Zwingli, who asserted that God "is the author, mover and impeller to sin," and that He uses the instrumentality of man to produce injustice; "He it is who moves the robber to murder the innocent." We trace Protestantism back to Beza, who said: "The Almighty creates a portion of men to be His instruments, with the intent of carrying out *His evil designs* through them."*

But, O Jesus, Thou didst teach thy Catholic Church that "God is love!"

But, thank God, men are better than some of their systems.

Mr. Beecher, in his remarkable sermons of last Sunday, in admitting, even more fully than one had charged, the wide-spread prevalence of atheism, pantheism and infidelity generally in Protestant lands, and even in Protestant churches themselves, says: "No matter; Christianity, nevertheless, will not die." Of course not; for Catholicity still stands with its rounded sphere of truth, and the Gates of Hell will not prevail against It. And even Protestantism, in dashing the sphere to flinders, holds shattered shards of it. The sun of Catholicity, sending its gravitating force even beyond its own system and into the outer spaces, has had a restraining power. It is the system of Protest-

*I am indebted for many of these extracts from the Reformers to Mr. Baring-Gould, who, in his "Origin and Development" and "Luther and Justification," gives the references.

antism that has been attacked in these lectures, not any man—not any man, living or dead; not even the unhappy conscience-tormented Luther. Systems may be hateful, but all men are dear; and false systems are hateful because all men are dear.

If Protestantism be not a failure, if the Anglican Church as a double witness against Protestantism and Rome be not right, in God's name let it be known. For we speak in sorrow, not in anger, to friends and respected brothers, all of whom love Jesus Christ and His Name as much as we do; and we seek not victory, but truth.

Fidelity and its Recompense.*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D., AT THE DEDICATION OF UNION
M. E. CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents : behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—Matthew xxv : 20, 21.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.—Luke xvi : 10.

THE longer we study the Saviour's teaching the more will it impress us as the most wonderful teaching in the world. It is so searching that no deceitfulness of the human heart can elude it. It is so comprehensive that it were difficult to imagine any human need which is not covered by some utterance of wise and loving words. The two parables spoken in the 25th of Matthew illustrate this statement well. In the Christian service there is an inner and an outer life, both of which are necessary to the complete idea of discipleship. Each of these has its special mission and its special danger. In the inner life the heart must be kept right—the motives purified—the faith, love and zeal preserved from languishing and fed by fresh supplies. In the outer life there must be the expression of all these in action, the zeal finding its legitimate spheres, the love flowering into a bright and fragrant obedience, the faith evidenced by honest and hearty work. It is evident, however, that in this world of evil there will be a danger in the inner life of unwatchfulness and carnal security ; in the outer life of unfaithfulness in the discharge of duty. This danger our Lord recognizes as existing in the case of His disciples, to whom these parables were originally spoken. Hence their utterance—the parable of the virgins warning them against declension in the heart, the parable of the talents against unbelief and disloyalty in the life. The one deals with the contemplative, the other with the energetic. The virgins, whose duty it is to wait upon the bridegroom with all possible honor, may watch or may slumber at his coming ; the servants, whose duty is to work for their Master with all possible diligence, may be faithful or indifferent, and are commended or doomed accordingly. The former parable aims at the right keeping of the heart, without which there can be no acceptable obedience ; the latter stimulates to fidelity in action, without which there can be no true expression of religion in the life ;

* This sermon we give but in part.—Ed.

and the two are correlative, and should teach their twin lessons to our souls.

My purpose to-day is to urge to this faithfulness in the discharge of duty. We must not idly wait for our Master's coming. The life that now is is rather a stern strife than a joyous bridal; and while the forces around us are lashed into unwonted activity, and there are so many chances for the use of our entrusted gifts, and for profitable commerce for our Master's sake, it were shame and sin for us either boastfully to vaunt of our talents or unbelievably to bury them. Rightly to understand the full force of the parable, we must keep in mind the relations which in those times existed between masters and their valued or confidential slaves. In the modern relation between masters and servants the force of the analogy is lost. A master nowadays never dispenses to his servants his capital that in his absence they may gain by trading. But slaves in the ancient times were not necessarily household servants, but were allowed to trade freely, paying a fixed yearly sum to their master, or were furnished with money to do business on his account, he receiving an installment of the profits. With this custom in mind you will the better understand how "the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods"; and you will be the better prepared to take the teaching of the parable into intelligent and honest hearts.

The two great thoughts I am anxious to impress are, *Fidelity and its recompense*; and, connected with these, or branching out of them, most of the deep meanings of the words will be presented to our view. The teaching of the parable, although addressed at first to the disciples, is not to be limited to them, nor to any who, like them, are charged with the fulfillment of especial duty; it is teaching for us all. It implies a common responsibility for the use of talents which have been universally distributed, although not in equal measure. The least endowed cannot escape on the plea that no talent has been given; the loftiest must not vaunt as if anything that he possesses were his own. They stand upon the one platform of responsible service—stewards, not proprietors—expected each to make the most of what he has in the great market of life, and to render his account to the absent, but not unmindful, Lord. Nothing can be plainer than that responsibility is not dependent upon the riches or poverty of a man's moral capital. Some men are royal both in opportunities and in resources; to some the chances come seldom of successful trading; but it is demanded of all that their use of what they have should be the wisest, just as the life of the animalcule while its hour lasts may be as complete and as busy as that of the patriarch of years. This thought of universal responsibility is attested by the history of Divine

Providence, and is recognized more or less distinctly by the general consciousness of humanity. And for us who believe in the Bible and in the Christianity which it reveals it is enforced both by the Word of Inspiration and by the example of our Lord. You cannot have forgotten how earnest are the exhortations of the Scripture; how all its similitudes are based upon the thought; how all its warnings and all its promises are made respectively more solemn and more endearing by it. If it were possible to conceive of man as a being self-contained, all his actions wrought at his own pleasure, with no judge above him and no future beyond him, or none about whose issues he need care, the promises of Scripture, ceasing to be encouragements to holy living, would lose all their tenderness, and the precepts of Scripture, regarded no longer as the behests of a sovereign, would be shorn of all their power. If we turn to the life of our Lord, who took upon Him our entire human nature, and of whom it is said that "He has left us a pattern that we should follow in His steps," we find the thought of responsibility to His Father prompting to the most perfect consecration. Listen, as in the glow of His human youth He announces His separation to a work so sacred and constraining as to be above the claims of home—"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" See the same spirit within Him in His bright, brief ministry, burdening His manhood with a yoke which His loving oneness with the Father made it easy to bear. Does He heal the man that was born blind? The motive which makes the healing fly on swifter wings is this: "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Is He about to open up at the well's mouth at Sychar the treasures of the upper springs, while His half-educated disciples gaze curiously and question, and "marvel that He talketh with the woman"? Remember how His purpose rose sublimely above the force of prejudice and above the force of hunger—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." And if you pass on to the unquiet eventide, when, instead of the rest, the weariness and the fainting came, and the shadows of His passion gathered densely round Him, He says with head bowed the while for the baptism of blood, but lifting itself for the moment in the consciousness of a fulfilled mission—"I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Thus enforced by the word of the Lord, and more tenderly by the highest example, our obligations to fidelity are pressed upon us to-day. This is to be the standard of our consecration. Talents have been given us, and they are neither to be hoarded in fruitless avarice nor squandered in unprofitable waste. They are to be used—laid out for God—and so laid

out that in wonderful usury they may double themselves in their returns, bringing for His blessed service the "gold" of holy character, and "the precious stones" gathered from the world's dark mines, and gathered by our hands, to sparkle in the Redeemer's crown. Brethren, I press this matter upon you. There is that within you which answers to the appeal. I have an ally in your inner nature which, while I speak, is speaking the same message, but in louder tones. You know that you are responsible to God, both for all you are and for the use of all you have. There is not a single member of a single church who is exempt from the obligation. There is not a man who affects to shake proudly loose from Church membership who is exempt from the obligation. There are, awaiting you all, a height of holy attainment and a post of allotted duty—a laborer's opportunities and a laborer's day, and you are called to an absorbing devotion of time and will and energy that you may make the most of that you hold in trust for the good of man and for the will of the Father in heaven. You are to be faithful *for your own sake*, that your account may be rendered with joy, that your work itself may become sustaining and enriching, that you may be found worthy of the Father's word and welcome; *for the world's sake*—for it has been ransomed, though it has fallen—and in spite of all other seeming there is a longing for God in its wistful eyes, and a hunger at its heart for His righteousness and rest; *for Christ's sake*, that He may rejoice in the perpetuity of His living witnesses and in the results of their testimony, and be "satisfied," because in their honest and earnest taking up of His work He sees of the travail of His soul. You are to labor promptly as well as faithfully, because difficult duties have to be compressed into fleeting hours; because the world and we are rapidly dying together; because palsy waits to spring upon the strongest workman, and the night cometh, with its envious shadows, to close in upon the most promising day. Oh! to have it constantly before us, burnt into our hearts, a conviction of which we cannot rid ourselves: There is an eye over me, there is a bar beyond me; that eye watches me unceasingly; at that bar I shall be ultimately judged. "Every one of us must give account of himself to God."

